

DELL  
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# the Lone Ranger



# THE ARIKARA INDIANS

## THEIR LAND AND CUSTOMS



Originally, the Arikara inhabited a range southwest of their historic village sites, where they were closely allied with the Skidi Pawnee. Tradition and tribal history indicate that at some point in the broad Missouri valley the Skidi and the Arikara parted, the Skidi settling along the Loup River in Nebraska, the Arikara migrating northwest, building their villages on the banks of the Missouri as far south as Omaha.

Their boats were made from a single buffalo skin stretched hair side in over a frame of willows bent round like a basket and tied to a hoop three or four feet in diameter. This "bull boat" was light enough to prove no burden to a woman, and was buoyant enough to carry three men across the Missouri with reasonable safety.

The Arikara hunted the buffalo in the winter, returning to their villages in the early spring, where they spent the time before planting in dressing the pelts. Their fish supply was obtained by means of basket traps. They were expert swimmers and often took advantage of their skill by killing buffalo in the water as the great herds crossed the river.



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THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 81, March, 1934. Published weekly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 341 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President; Entered as second-class matter November 26, 1948 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U.S.A., \$3.00 per year, single copies, 15 cents. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00 per year. Canadian subscriptions \$3.00 per year. Dell Publishing Company, 34 West 12th Street, New York 1, N. Y. Copyright, 1934, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing and Lithographing Co.

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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

JUST FILL IT UP, FOLKS, AND  
NOBODY WILL BE HURT!



MINUTES LATER, THE EMERGENCY BRAKE IS  
PULLED AND THE GANG MOUNTS WAITING  
HORSES...



A LITTLE LEAD'LL KEEP  
THEM DOWN TILL WE'RE  
OUT OF RANGE!

BANG!

BLAM!

KENO SABAY  
PLENTY BOWFIRE!

IT'S COMING FROM THE  
DIRECTION OF THE  
RAILROAD TRACKS!  
--COME ON, SHERIFF!



TRAIN STOPPED!

THERE'S DUST IN THE  
DISTANCE---ANDERS! THE  
TRAIN MAY HAVE BEEN STOPPED  
AND ROBBED BY THE GANG  
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR!



LATER--

TOMMY HOTT  
FIND TRACKS  
ON THIS SIDE OF  
THE STREAM!

AND THERE WAS NO  
TRACE OF WHERE  
THEY CAME OUT IN  
MY DIRECTION!  
THEY'VE COVERED  
THEIR TRAIL WELL!



THIS IS THE FOURTH RAILROAD  
ROBBERY IN THIS AREA WITHIN  
TWO WEEKS, TOMMY! WE'LL RIDE  
TO REDTOWN! I'LL GIVE YOU A  
TELEGRAM TO SEND TO THE  
PRESIDENT OF THE LINE IN  
ST. LOUIS! HE TOLD HIM WE'D  
KEEP IN CONSTANT TOUCH!

UGH! BUT IT  
NOT BE GOOD  
NEWS WE  
SEND-UM!



LATER, IN ST. LOUIS—

THE TELEGRAM STATES OUR  
HARRIED FRIEND AND TONY  
LOST THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL  
NEAR WESTOWN!

THEY'VE BEATEN  
US AGAIN, MR.  
BELDING! WE'RE  
LOSING VALUABLE  
EXPRESS SHIPMENTS  
DUE TO THE SERIES  
OF ROBBERIES!  
FREIGHTERS ARE  
AFRAID TO USE  
OUR LINE!



I KNOW, JIM! BUT THIS MAY  
BE THE SOLUTION --- AN  
ARMORED CAR!



THESE CARS ARE REINFORCED  
WITH METAL! THE DOORS ARE  
LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!  
THERE ARE GUN SLOTS  
THROUGH WHICH THE  
GUARDS CAN FIGHT OFF  
ROBBERS! WE'LL PUT  
THESE CARS IN USE AT  
ONCE!



TWO DAYS LATER, INSIDE THE NEW CAR, AS THE  
WESTBOUND TRAIN STOPS SUDDENLY...

LODS ARE BLOCKING  
THE TRACKS!

... DON'T TELL THOSE  
OWHOOES WHO PUT 'EM  
THERE TRY TO BREAK  
INTO THIS CAR!





LATER, IN THE REAR OF CHET KANE'S HARDWARE STORE IN REEDTOWN...

IT WASN'T LIKE  
OTHER EXPRESS CARS, CHET!  
IT WAS A ROLLING FORT!  
HANK WAS CUT DOWN!



WE'D BETTER  
LAY OFF TRAIN  
ROBBERIES! YOU  
CAN'T GET INTO  
THOSE ARMORED  
EXPRESS CARS!

SO THE RAILROAD OFFICIALS  
THINK THEY CAN OUTSMART  
CHET KANE, DO THEY?  
WELL, INSTEAD OF DYING  
UP I'M GOING TO SHOW  
THEM HOW SMART I AM!



HOLD ON, CHET! YOU MAY BE  
THE ONE WHO GETS THE  
INSIDE INFORMATION  
ON SHIPMENTS AND PLANS  
THESE JOBS, BUT WE  
TAKE THE CHANCES!

YOU'LL DO AS  
I SAY...



I HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE IN  
MY SAFE TO SEND ANY ONE OF YOU  
TO PRISON FOR LIFE! WE'VE  
TAKEN PLENTY FROM THE  
RAILROAD AND WE'LL GO  
ON ROBBERING IT!



IT'S SUICIDE! WE CAN'T  
RIF AGAINST THOSE  
NEW EXPRESS CARS---

---THERE'S A WAY!  
AND YOU TWO ARE  
SITTING ON IT!  
**GET UP!**



CHESTS LIKE THESE ARE USED ON  
CHUCKWAGONS TO HOLD COOKING  
UTENSILS! I SHIP A LOT OF THEM  
BY RAIL!



ONLY THIS ONE WILL BE SHIPPED OUT WITH  
**ANX HOLES** IN IT AND THIS LOCK PLATE'S  
BOLTS WILL BE **FILED OFF ON THE INSIDE!**  
THEN ALL A **MAN INSIDE** HAS TO DO WHEN  
HE WANTS TO GET OUT IS PUSH THE BOLTS  
THROUGH AND RAISE THE LID!



EXACTLY! WHEN THE TRAIN'S  
STOPPED, HE COULD COME  
OUT, PLUS THE GUARDS  
INSIDE THE EXPRESS CAR  
AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE OTHERS! BUT **AND**  
IS GOING TO HIDE---

I WILL! NEXT TIME  
I HEAR OF A BIG  
SHIPMENT WE'LL SHOW  
THOSE RAILROAD  
OFFICIALS THESE  
CARS **AREN'T**  
ROBBERPROOF!



**TWO DAYS LATER---**

HERE'S THE CONFIRMING  
TELEGRAM, MR. BELONGS!  
THE MASKED MAN AND  
TOMMY WILL BOARD THE  
WESTBOUND PECCO EXPRESS  
JUST EAST OF BOSTOWN  
ON WEDNESDAY!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL  
LET IT BE KNOWN  
THERE'S A LARGE  
**GOLD SHIPMENT**  
ON BOARD!



I'M HOPING THE ROBBERS WILL LEARN OF IT  
AND TRY TO ATTACK THE TRAIN! THEY'LL FIND  
THEY **CAN'T** ENTER THE ARMORED EXPRESS  
CAR AND THEN THE MASKED MAN AND  
TOMMY WILL UNLOAD THEIR HORSES FROM  
THE BAGGAGE CAR AND TRACK THEM TO  
THEIR **HIDE-OUT!**













'THEY'RE GOING OFF!' WATCH  
GANG AND THE WOUNDED  
MAN THEY'VE LEFT OUTSIDE!  
TOMATO AND I WILL TRACK  
THE OTHERS!

THIS HORSE'S  
HANDCUFFED  
HERE! I'LL  
GET THE OTHER  
OUTLAW!



HERE HORSES,  
KEND SABAW!



FIVE OUTLAWS ROSE AWAY!  
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!  
COME ON, SILVER!

GET HIM UP  
SCOUT!



LATER--

THEY MUST  
HAVE SPOTTED  
CHET!

IF HE'S RECOGNIZED,  
THIS IS THE FIRST  
PLACE THEY'LL  
CHECK!



THE LOOT FROM OUR PAST  
JOBS AND THE EVIDENCE  
AGAINST US IS IN THAT  
SAFE! I'LL BLOW IT OPEN!  
STAND BACK!

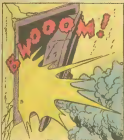


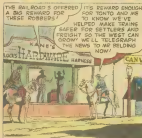
SECONDS LATER, AS THE FIRE BURNS, SUDDENLY--

REACH!

A PACKED MAN!  
GET HIM!







# the Lone Ranger

## THE THUNDER ROD

AT DUSK IN THEIR CAMP  
NEAR LEDGEVILLE---



DID YOU SEE OUR FRIEND  
SHERIFF LOGAN, TONTO?

NEEDS SARA  
SHERIFF LOGAN  
DEAD!...HE'S SICK  
WITH DYSENTERY! HE  
LAST WEEK!



NEW SHERIFF IS LEO  
THOMAS, BUT HE NOT  
TELL US WE TRAIL  
HANK DORMAN AND  
BART SWANS TO  
ABANDONED MINES  
NEAR HERE! HE  
NOT KNOW  
TONTO!

I'M SORRY TO LEARN  
OF SHERIFF LOGAN'S  
DEATH!...IN THE  
MORNING WE'LL TRY  
TO PICK UP THE  
OUTLAW'S TRAIL AGAIN  
AND CAPTURE THEM!  
THEY'D MAKE EXCELLENT  
CREDENTIALS FOR OUR  
INTRODUCTION TO THE  
NEW SHERIFF!



THAT NIGHT AT MARY LOGAN'S HOME---

BEFORE DAD DIED BOB, HE GAVE  
ME THE KEY TO THIS STRONGBOX  
AND SAID "IF YOU NEED HELP IN AN  
EMERGENCY...""TH-THAT'S ALL HE  
COULD SAY! WITH ALL THE BILLS  
HIS ILLNESS CAUSED, THIS IS  
AN EMERGENCY!"



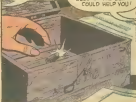
STOCK CERTIFICATES...  
BUT THESE CLAIMS  
ARE WORTHLESS...  
HE'S GOLD CURF LINKS  
AND WATCH... BUT  
NO CASH...

HE LEFT MORE THAN  
THAT, MARY! HE LEFT A  
FINE RECORD OF AN  
HONEST AND COURAGEOUS  
LAWMAN! AND IF YOU'LL  
LET ME TAKE OVER YOUR  
DEBTS AS YOUR FIDELITY--



NO, BOB! I'LL NOT SADDLE  
YOU WITH MY FATHER'S  
DEBTS...LOOK! THERE'S  
ONE THING LEFT! A  
SILVER BULLET!

IT'S A FORTY-  
FIVE BULLET,  
MARY! BUT I  
DON'T SEE HOW  
THAT OR ANYTHING  
ELSE IN THE BOX  
COULD HELP YOU!













LATER, AFTER SENDING THE TELEGRAM, TOMMY SEARCHES TOWN FOR THE OUTLAWS...

DON'T WORRY BART! EVEN IF YOU DON'T WIN THE CONTEST, WE'LL GET THE THUNDER ROD!

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING?



WE'LL FOLLOW THE WINNER HOME AND STEAL IT FROM HIM! IT'S WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO KNOWS THE THUNDER ROD'S SECRET... I DO!

I HAD BETTER RIDE RIGHT BACK TO KEMO SASSY AND TELL HIM WHAT I'VE OVERHEARD!



THE NEXT DAY---

BOB, WE'VE SOLD EIGHTY ENTRANCE TICKETS AT TEN DOLLARS APiece! THAT'S ENOUGH TO PAY ALL DAD'S DEBTS!

ALL RIGHT, POLKS! WE'LL START NOW!...EACH MAN GETS FIVE SHOTS AT A CLEAN TARGET WITH THE THUNDER ROD. TOM FRISBEE'S THE FIRST CONTESTANT!



WHAT A FEE! I'VE GOT TO WIN IT!

**BANG!**



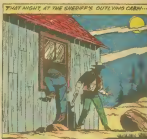
ALL AROUND THE THUNDER ROD BLAZES AT THE TARGET AND BY NOW THE BEST TARGET IS DETERMINED---

ALL YOUR SHOTS ARE IN THE BULL'S-EYE, STRANGER! BEHOLD THE THUNDER ROD'S HONORS!

NOT YET!







BUT MARK DOWNMAN IGNORES HIS PARTNER'S SUBSTITION AND QUICKLY UNSCREWS THE SHOULDER PLATE---



I WAS WAITING TO LEARN THE RIFLE'S SPECIAL VALUE! NOW I'LL CLAIM MY PRIZE!

THE BARBED MAN! ---PLUG HIM!





# DEFEATING A DEVIL



There is a story, told in the lodges of the Sioux, of how Modunk chased the evil spirits out of Devil's Canyon.

Before the white man came, the Sioux were a prosperous and powerful nation. They spent their days hunting buffalo, sitting around the campfire, and occasionally fighting an enemy tribe. As in all societies, life was easier for some than others. Modunk had had the misfortune of being abandoned, at an early age, by a tribe of Putes. In order to earn his buffalo meat, he was given all the unwanted tasks, such as cleaning fish, gathering wood, and burning garbage.

He was stacking wood one day when there was a great commotion around Chief Woong-way's tepee. Modunk hid behind several Braves, and listened to the Chief bewail the disappearance of one of his sons. He'd gone into the canyon, at the base of Thunder Mountain, and had simply vanished. When he didn't return the next day, or the next, the village decided his scalp was decorating one of the Cheyenne's belts, and forgot about him.

But, two days later, a squaw went into the Canyon, looking for berries, and was never seen again. The medicine men decided the gorge was "haunted" and named it Devil's Canyon.

The next Spring, fever killed off most of the buffalo. The Sioux knew there was game in the Canyon, so they chose four of their bravest and strongest warriors, armed them, and sent them into the bewitched Canyon.

Four moons later, they had not returned.

The medicine men danced from sunup to sundown, and offered dozens of squirrels to chase the "ghosts" out of Devil's Canyon. But, still, nobody came back.

The papooses' empty bellies cried for food, now. Some powerful "magic" had to be used to bring food to the weakened tribe. The medicine men worked furiously. After many powwows, they decided Modunk, because he had no parents, was "hexing" them. They hung twelve dead toads from his waist, gave him a jar of water, and wished him a pleasant journey to the "happy hunting grounds". Then, they rode him to Devil's Canyon, posted two guards to make sure he didn't turn back, and rode off.

Modunk worked his way carefully down the rocky slope. Most seventeen-year-olds would have been terrified at the prospect of facing a "haunted" canyon, without even a bow and arrow. But Modunk was used to being a scapegoat.

As he got down to the bottom of the valley, from which no Sioux had ever returned, he



was surprised to discover it was very pretty. There was green grass, a clear stream, and many multicolored rocks. He picked out a leafy tree to sleep in, and hunted around for something to serve as a tomahawk. Darkness came before he could construct a weapon. Unable to build a fire, he shivered in the tree through a long, sleepless night. Morning found him stiff of limb, and ravenously hungry. He walked towards the stream, passing buffalo, deer and rabbits on the way. If only he had a bow and arrow! Maybe evil spirits had killed the other Sioux; but, it was easy to see, they hadn't starved to death. Modunk wondered how long the evil spirits would let him live, before they snuffed out his life.

When he got to the shallow, fish-filled stream, he selected a heavy tree stalk and skewered a couple of bass. With the help of many peculiar facial expressions, he ate them raw and proceeded on an inspection of the valley.

He began to feel very pleased with himself. Here he'd been in Devil's Canyon almost twenty-four hours and nothing had happened. He was still alive! He hadn't seen any goblins or dragons. Maybe he would live, after all!



But, unknown to him, every step he took sank a little deeper into the spongy earth, until he could no longer see his moccasins. Modunk stopped and looked down at his feet. They seemed to be sinking into the ground, as if pulled by some invisible force. Hastily, he turned around and floundered, as fast as he could, through the slimy turf. When he got to firm ground, he caught his breath and heaved a sigh of relief. Now he knew where the Chief's son, the squaw, and the four warriors were. They were underneath that sandy earth—pulled under by demons, who had had trouble holding on to Modunk's slim feet. Modunk ran, with all his speed, to where the two Braves had left him. From there, it was a short distance to the village. The tribe's astonishment was great, indeed, to see the young boy come running into the village, apparently unharmed.

"Chief Woongway! Chief Woongway!" yelled Modunk, "I've found the demon! Come! Help me destroy them!"

Modunk showed the Sioux braves where the quicksand was, and they "buried" the demons with tons of rock and hard earth.

No more did Modunk clean fish or spend hours sharpening flint. He was much sought after, for good omens, and the Chief's daughters looked on him with friendly eyes.



# YOUNG HAWK

WE TRAVEL EASTWARD,  
YOUNG HAWK? WHY?

WE WERE GIVEN A  
SIGN! LITTLE DUCK  
AND I BELIEVE---



STORY BY  
VICTOR FRANKS & LEO CO.

--- THAT SOMEWHERE TOWARD  
THE RISING SUN LIES ANOTHER  
GREAT SALT WATER --- SUCH AS  
WE FOUND TO SOUTH, WEST  
AND NORTH!

THE ENDS OF  
THE EARTH!



I WILL GLADLY TRAIL WITH  
YOU, MY YOUNG FRIENDS ---  
BUT WITH ONE HAND I SHALL  
NOT BE OF MUCH USE

--- OF  
MORE USE  
THAN YOU THINK,  
LAME EAGLE!



SEE? THERE ARE MANY  
BUFFALO ABOUT US!



IF WE SHOULD GET  
CAUGHT IN FRONT OF A  
STAMPEDE, YOU TWO COULD  
CLIMB A TREE  
BUT NOT I ---







NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, YOUNG HARK  
WORKS ON HIS CURIOUS CARVING ---







AT THE SUDDEN PAIN FROM THE BEAR, THE BEAR STOPS SHORT--









INTO VIEW OF THE SMALL ISLAND  
SWING THREE CANOES---THE  
FOREMOST WITH BUT ONE PADDLER,  
LABORING AGAINST THE CURRENT.



THEY HAVE NOT SEEN US---  
AND NOW THE LITTLE ISLAND  
IS BETWEEN US AND THEM  
LET US LAND AND  
TAKE COVER---

GOOD!  
UNTIL WE  
KNOW WHO  
THEY ARE!



WE WILL HIDE  
THE LITTLE  
RAFT.

---AND OURSELVES,  
TOO! UNTIL WE  
KNOW---



PERHAPS THEY  
WILL NOT LAND  
AT ALL!

IF THEY DO  
---WE WILL  
BE READY!



AS YOUNG HAWK AND HIS FRIENDS REACH THE ISLET'S  
DOWNSTREAM END

THE PADDLER IN THE LEAD IS  
FLEEING FROM THOSE BEHIND  
---AND I THINK---THEY  
IS GOING TO LAND HERE!

NOW YOU  
ARE RIGHT,  
YOUNG HAWK!

# Eyes of the Cavalry

## the CROWS



Originally a part of the Hidatsa group, the Crows separated about 1776 because of a factional dispute between two chiefs, after which they left the Missouri and migrated to the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, where they became one of the most typical plains tribes, carrying on perpetual war with the surrounding tribes, their chief enemies being the Blackfeet and Sioux. At the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition (1804), they lived on the Bighorn River. In 1817, they ranged around the Yellowstone and the east side of the Rocky Mountains. In 1834, an American trader by the name of Drake located them on the south branch of the Yellowstone. Later, during the Indian Wars, the Crows ranged in and near the Rocky Mountains, along the headwaters of the Powder, Wind, and Bighorn Rivers on the south side of the Yellowstone, as far as Laramie fork on the Platte River. At times they were found on the west and north side of the Platte, and as far as the headwater of the Musschshell, and as low as the mouth of the Yellowstone.

The Crows possessed great herds of good horses, from the beginning of the Indian Horse Culture period and it was probably this factor that made them constant targets for raids by the Sioux and other plains tribes. During the campaigns against the Sioux and Cheyenne by the United States Army, the campaigns that were climaxed by Custer's annihilation at the Little Big Horn, and the subsequent confining of the tribes to reservations, the Crows saw an opportunity for revenge against their oppressors, and became the eyes of the cavalry as scouts for Terry, Custer and Miles.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

# The Bannock Indians



ART BY LEO M. HARRIS. PHOTO BY LEO M. HARRIS.



The Bannock Indians were a remote plains tribe that kept themselves apart from white influence by staying in the foothills and wider parts of southeast Idaho and western Wyoming. The country claimed by the Bannock (see map) and recognized by the treaty of Fort Bridger in 1868 was a wide range for this comparatively small tribe, which, in 1869, had a total population of less than 500.

In all probability, the Bannock crossed the mountains from the east as an escape from the raids of the Blackfeet.

Like typical plains Indians, the Bannock lived in buffalo-hide tepees, and followed the buffalo herds for their principal food and material for clothing and implements. Their weapons, like the Nez Percé, with whom they compare physically and culturally, were the bow and arrow, lance, war club, knife, and shield.

Clothing consisted chiefly of a breech-cloth and moccasins in summer. With the coming of cold weather, the Bannock clothed himself in heavy coats and leggings, made from buffalo, elk, or mountain sheep hides with the hair left on. Hooded coats, often decorated with colorful designs of embroidered quill work, were worn on winter hunts and winter raids. Feathers, so important to most plains Indians, played a much less important significance with the Bannock men. There have been no evidences of the elaborate eagle feather war bonnets so common to the Sioux and Cheyenne, and only occasionally was a single feather worn in the hair.

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